

# The Saturday Evening Post

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## DUNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ashen-gray clouds hover over the meadows,  
Where the small streams glimmer, frozen  
and white;  
Up the brown slopes clamber numberless  
shadows,  
Waving their arms in the fast-falling  
light.  
Little snow-patches lie hidden in hollows,  
Great lonesome trees stand like sentries  
around;  
Each shade of dimness a darker one fol-  
lows,  
Softly on forest and field coming down.  
Hushed lies the earth as an infant in  
slumber;  
Scarcely a breath stirs the loose lattice  
vine;  
Spectre like rises the church steeple yon-  
der—  
Floats from the village the vesper bell's  
chime;  
People, like ghosts, glide about in the  
gloom—  
Never a footfall greets listening ears;  
Closely around us pale visions are throng-  
ing,  
Making their way through the long  
vanished years.

Back to your graves, oh, ye unquiet  
sleepers—  
Give this small hour unto resting and  
peace;  
Earth is an harvest field—angels are  
reapers;  
Sooner or later shall souls know release.  
Gently, oh, let the hidden faces so sorrowful,  
Tenderly bear them away from our  
sight—  
Bright glow the stars in the darkly blue  
coronet  
Binding the brow of the beautiful night.  
MIRIAM EARLE.

## THE DEAD MAN'S BELL.

"My child crying again," said Tom Morley, five minutes after I had been in his house, parabolically referring to the surgery bell. "Worse than any child," said I. "I never heard such a bell; it doesn't ring, it tolls." It did. It might have been a knell, such was its solemn, deep-toned clangor. "Why on earth don't you change it for something more professional? It's enough to frighten your patients into fits." "I'll tell you when I come back," he replied; and Tom Morley went to the surgery to see what was wanted.

I had taken Crankford on my way in a journey to Exeter, because I knew Tom Morley, who had recently come into some considerable property in that little town where he was practicing as a surgeon, and because there were some queer circumstances connected with his settlement in Crankford, of which I wished to learn the particulars; and he was such a bad correspondent, it was no good writing to him. His house was a very old-fashioned one. It stood askew in a crooked street of a crooked town, and every room seemed arranged cornerwise, and to consist of beams, and angles, and recesses. I firmly believe Crankford to be the identical locality celebrated in nursery rhyme:—

"There was a crooked man,  
And he found a crooked mile,  
And he found a crooked sixpence  
Against a crooked stile.  
He bought a crooked cat,  
Which caught a crooked mouse,  
And they all lived together  
In a little crooked house."

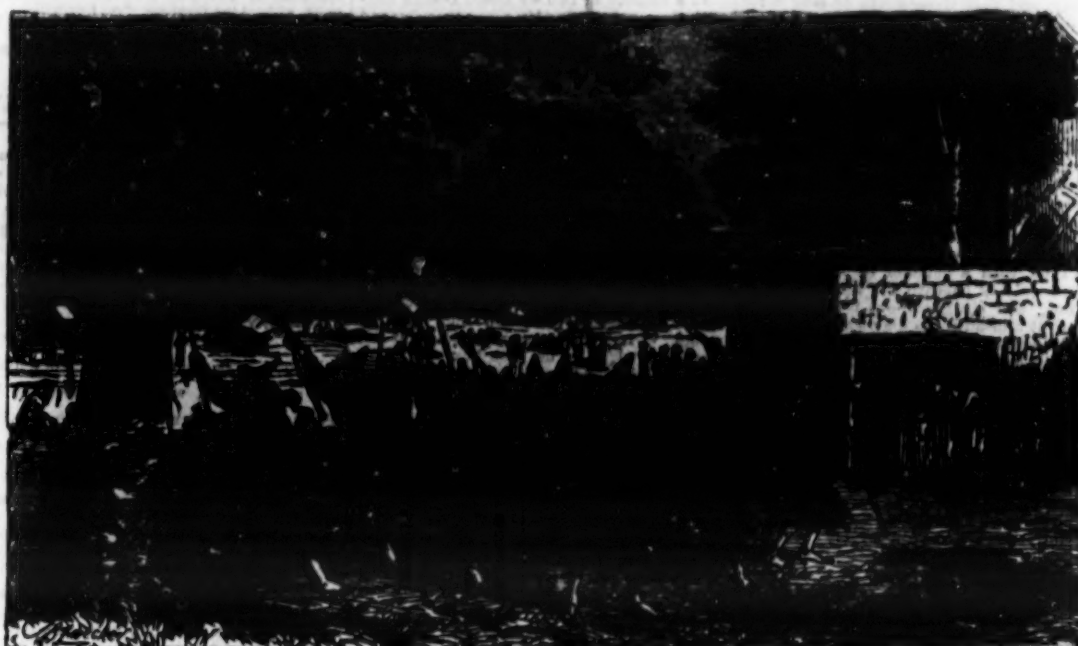
At least, with the single exception of the crooked mouse, I saw all the other crookednesses at Crankford during my stay there. "Well," said Tom Morley, returning to the room after having seen his patients. "now, about the bell. Why don't I change it for a more musical one? Because I owe nearly all I have to that bell. Come and look at it."

I followed him up-stairs, and along a winding dark passage on the first floor, till we came to it, a large and heavy iron bell covered with cobwebs, remarkable for nothing to my mind but its size and its hideous noisiness. Tom set it swinging till it produced a deafening peal that made my head ache.

"There," said he, with evident relief for the horrid noise, "as long as I have a surgery, I hope that will always be my surgery bell. It has been the unconscious instrument of punishing crime, of avenging the dead, and of causing justice to be done to the living."

We came down-stairs again, and when comfortably seated by the fire, Tom Morley told me the story.

You must know that this poky little house, and that big gabled barn next to it on the right-hand side, which is sufficiently assuming to be dignified with the title of "edifice," once upon a time formed one house—one great crooked bit of unsightliness that might have been built during an earthquake by a Manx architect; it could not have been crookeder. The then owner of the place used to live in the large house,



DEVICES AT BOKHARA.

Bokhara is the present capital of Turkestan in Central Asia. In its bazaars may be seen a strange mixture of races, dresses, and customs. Persians, Tartars, Hindus, Jews, and Afghans are here represented.

M. Vambéry, having strolled about the dusty and busy streets of this city for three hours, begged his guide to lend him to a place of refreshment, where he might enjoy a little repose. The guide thereupon took

him to a beautiful park, in which were some fine elm trees. In the shade of these trees were tea-booths, and great tea-kettles, looking like immense oaks of beer. Bread, fruit, confectionary, and meats were also exposed for sale on stands shaded by cane mats. As M. Vambéry entered the park, there were passing by, in their weekly procession, a number of dervishes or Mohammedan monks. "Never," says he, "shall I forget that

scene, when those fellows, with their wild enthusiasm, and their high conical caps, fluttering hair, and long staves, danced round like men possessed, shouting out, at the same time, a hymn, each part of which was first sung for them by their gray-bearded chief." The citizens of Bokhara are bigoted followers of their prophet, and put to death any European who goes there who is not a Mohammedan.

a tenant suddenly turned up in the person of Dr. John Gryant. He was a suave, flabby man, nearly forty; short, and rather stout, with a fat, colorless, dough-like face. It was rumored that he had been powerful, if not very creditable, reasons for relinquishing a practice somewhere in Essex. We never knew if that was true—it was merely gossip, and Crankford is a great place for that—but Dr. Gryant paid down half a year's rent in advance, took the place from Michaelmas, and wanted nothing done. Isaac Morley took his money and asked no questions.

A great man for doctors was my father. He was scarcely ever really ill, but as he grew old and began to feel the natural infirmities of age creeping on, he was never content unless he could be squinting all manner of things into his ears and his eyes to make him hear better, and improve his sight. He had his dinner pills regularly, whether he had any dinner or no. He denied himself wine and spirits, but drank steel, and quinine, and bark, and all manner of tonic medicines to excess. He was a certain income to any doctor who would put up with his whims and fall into his ways, but as fond of changing his physician as the habitual toper is of changing his publican. What is more, though "near" in most things, he never objected to a doctor's bill.

As soon as Doctor Gryant was installed next door, my father paid off his last medical man, Doctor Rose, who lived at Spedminton (a neighboring village), and gave himself up to the advice of his new tenant. It was always a great day and one to be remembered by my father when he commenced with a new doctor. There were all his ailments to be gone over—his eye-symptoms, his ear-symptoms, his indigestion, his nervous debility, his liver, &c.—so that, as he said, "his constitution might be properly understood" by his adviser.

Doctor Gryant ticked off every item in the long catalogue very solemnly with a nod of his fat white chin in his short collar, and though he knew these to be purely imaginary complaints, he said "Ah!" and "Dear me!" and "Very true!" and promised to send corrective medicines for each. One symptom, however, was that of a real disorder, and demanded more careful attention. My father complained, in addition to certain nervous twitches in his limbs, Doctor Rose, who had become accustomed to the fancies of his patient, had taken little notice of this, but Doctor Gryant laid more stress on the symptom, and mentally determined to exhibit minute doses of strychnine.

"I get very nervous about these twitches," said my father, "and my health being altogether in a precarious state, I am glad to have a doctor living handy. If I should happen to want you either by day or night I have only to pull your bell. Don't be surprised if I should not wait for you to answer the door; the weather is so chilly, and I am so susceptible of cold, that I can't stand draughts. I shall ring your bell if I want you, and come indoors again, where you will find me. You can never mistake my ring; I know the bell better than you do. Oblige me by going to your surgery now, and listening."

Doctor Gryant did so, and in a few minutes he heard this identical bell ring, not as it usually does, in a peal, but in slow,

measured beats—"One, two, three, four," and so on. It rang in this manner for nearly a minute, then stopped.

The unusual sound of the bell struck painfully on Doctor Gryant's ear. For an instant he was conscious of a creeping sensation, a warning of evil, as though some one were walking over his grave; but, shaking it off, he laughed at himself, and saying, "It's only a whimsical old fool ringing the bell his own way," went to the door. Old Isaac Morley had not waited in the cold, but had left the front door of his house open for the doctor to enter, who found his patient quietly seated at the dining-room fire awaiting his return.

"You see," said my father, "my dining-room being on the ground floor, I may just as well wait here for you by the fire as on your door-step."

"Quite so," assented the doctor. "And you are not likely to mistake my ring for a stranger's?"

"Certainly not. But that is a very queer bell, Mr. Morley. Do you know it has not a pleasant sound when rung as you rang it?"

It has a distinctive sound, Doctor Gryant; that is all I want. Whenever you hear the bell ring in that way, remember it is I—and I want you. Whether night or day, will you kindly remember this? And if I should not be at the door you will find me in the dining-room."

The doctor said he would, and on returning to his own house made several experiments with the bell-handle to repeat the effect produced by my father, but with very poor success.

"Well," he thought to himself, "there is no doubt I shall know the old fellow's ring." My father was certainly a great plague for any doctor to live next door to. Doctors were his weakness; and to get a doctor living so near—a tenant, too, with forty pounds a year rent to credit against a score for physic—was a sore temptation.

Nearly always once a day Doctor Gryant would be certain to hear that harsh, grating summons on the most trivial errand, until he got so accustomed to the bell that it ceased to affect him in any other way than business—viz.: "Morley, visit, three-and-sixpence," except when he happened to think about the sound, and then it certainly did hit across his mind that he wished old Isaac would ring like other patients.

Doctor Gryant's practice was not large. In a small country town especially, most people are chary of changing an old doctor whom they know for a new one they do not, and with some disagreeable rumors attached to his name. His brother practitioners (ought rather shy of him, whilst members of a kindred profession were unpleasantly familiar. He was continually getting lawyers' letters about outstanding debts contracted in another part of the country. He staved these off as best he could, paying instalments where he was most worried, but living a precarious and unsettled life in Crankford, continually threatened with process, whilst it was said, with what truth I do not know, that he did not dare face the Court of Bankruptcy for fear of revelations which might prove still more injurious to what little reputation he had.

Fix, if you please, in your mind these two bits of Crankford gossip—that Doctor Gryant was in want of money, pressed for it on all sides, and that he was a constant, and the

only constant, visitor at Isaac Morley's—a man supposed by many people (with far worse opportunities of judging) to be very wealthy and miserly—and you will be prepared for part of what follows.

Late one evening in the following March, Doctor Gryant was sitting alone in his study. With his head on his hands, he was gazing into the fire as earnestly as if the shapes in the burning coals could show him in a picture some way of escape from his difficulties. Letters lay on the table containing peremptory demands for money. While he was thinking and worrying how to meet these demands he heard my father's summons. It was just after eleven o'clock at night, and the measured beat of the iron bell, like a ghostly clock slowly striking the hour, jarred on him—it was so harsh. It was some minutes before he answered it—he had papers to put away, and his desk and drawers to lock. Then he took his hat and went to the door. No one was there; but he saw, as usual, that his patient had left his own front door ajar for him to enter. The dining-room door was, however, closed. Doctor Gryant opened it.

Isaac Morley had fallen down prostrate on the floor, struck with paralysis. Doctor Gryant saw immediately that he still breathed, and judged that my father must have had just warning enough of the impending stroke to enable him to go out and ring for his doctor, and then regain the dining-room before the seizure took place. The stroke must, however, have been very sudden. My father had been counting his money, which he had evidently attempted to replace in the heavy cashbox, which lay open on the table, before help should arrive, for the notes were crumpled up and thrust in hastily in a heap; some had fluttered to the floor, where Isaac Morley lay, with gold still in his hand, and gold lying about him.

Doctor Gryant hesitated between the cashbox and the patient. A few moments could make little difference, after all, to a man in my father's condition. He looked in the cashbox—saw there a packet of thirteen notes, each for a thousand pounds—many for smaller sums, and numerous rolls in which sovereigns were done up in rouleaux of fifty. He looked at the paralytic, then at the gold, then quickly from one to the other. One was little to him—little, perhaps, to anybody, he thought; the other, the purchase of freedom from annoyance, luxury—at least, tranquillity. Then he placed the packet of notes and four of the rouleaux of sovereigns in his own pocket, still glancing at the sick man. But there was no sign of consciousness. Only a heavy stertorous breathing. Lower down in the cashbox was a will—a mere sheet of note-paper, but duly signed and attested, and it ran thus:—

"I, Isaac Morley, of sound mind and body, do give and bequeath all my real and personal estate of which I may die possessed to my son Thomas Morley, whom I hereby appoint sole executor to this my last will and testament."

A more blundering thief would have taken the whole and destroyed the will. Doctor Gryant contented himself with the packet of notes and four rolls of gold. He left all the rest in the disorder in which he found it, and relying on the fact that Isaac Morley's wealth was not known even to his own son, he then turned to his patient.

Only one circumstance was ever likely to discover the theft. That was, should Isaac Morley recover. There was no danger of this, as it happened, for in three minutes my father had breathed his last, probably without pain or consciousness.

Doctor Gryant, frightened at what he had done, rang the dining-room bell violently for the housekeeper. A very round voice better to him than the silence, but the old woman was so deaf and slept so heavily she did not hear, so the echoes died away, and there was silence once more, with the dead man still clutching the gold, and the doctor longing to see a live man or woman again. Doctor Gryant was not usually nervous with the dead, but he feared my father as if the dead man could get up and strangle his money away from him. At last he could bear it no longer. He ran from the room, up the stairs, and hammered at the housekeeper's door: "For God's sake come down, for Mr. Morley is dying!" At last he made her understand something serious was the matter. But he waited for her—Doctor Gryant did. He had seen death from all points of view but one, and never quailed, but he feared to re-enter that dining-room alone.

The housekeeper hurriedly threw on a few articles of clothing, and followed him. The doctor let her go in first. Never heeding the gold, she went straight to the dead. "Oh, my God Almighty's truth!" cried the old soul. "Go and get a cordial or something, do, and don't stand staring there, or he'll be gone!"

Doctor Gryant was glad of any excuse to get out of the house with the money. He went to his surgery, deposited the money there, and quickly returned with stimulants. Of course they were useless. He told the old lady her master was gone, and past surgical aid. Then he related how he had been summoned as usual, and had found Mr. Morley smitten with paralysis in the very article of death as he entered the room. The old woman paid little heed to what he said—her whole mind was taken up just then with simple and sincere grief at the loss of her master, whilst she rather re-



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## More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.  
January 5, 1870.

"Stormy weather will set in here by Christmas time—it always does." Thus have the signs pronounced judgment all through the month of December—and sure enough, true to the predictions of the "oldest inhabitants," early in the week it began to grow cold; one day the thermometer fell to 35—the coldest day ever remembered here—clouds began to gather, and the morning of December 24, found the rain falling in torrents. When it rained in California, it does so indeed with terrific fury; it seems as though the welkin had opened with a vengeance to thoroughly flood the fair earth, whose beauty has been fascinating the eye and gladdening the heart.

Without, all was gloomy and cheerless—within, a scene of bright festivity. Busy fingers were at work skillfully decking the well-shaped tree with articles of sweetness and beauty—and eager little hearts beat wildly, outside closed doors, in joyous anticipation of the coming evening. The log-blazed brightly upon the hearth-stone, and crackled, and sparkled, and warmed, while the pitiless fall of the rain still smote upon our ears.

All was at last ready; the doors thrown open, the guests, young and old, hurried in—and a burst of joyous exclamation at sight of the splendor of the taper-lighted tree, rewarded the workers, of whom I was one, for all our pains. When the guests were all seated, "Old Block," our kindly host, took his stand by the tree, and after informing us that his venerable friend, Santa Klaus, owing to his numerous engagements, was prevented from being with us in person, but had sent his regrets, and deputed him—Old Block—to officiate in his stead, proceeded to distribute the neatly done-up parcels hung about the lower branches of the tree.

I suggested that no parcel should be opened until all were distributed; yet most heartily regretted my suggestion, when my own lap began to fill up with those labelled with my name. How curious I did grow, and how all the guests did laugh at the impatience caused by my own suggestion! Finally the task was completed, and together we all cut the strings and tore off the papers that concealed our treasures. Pretty well we all did fare, none better than I, little cause as I had to expect as many remembrances in this land which but so recently was one of strangers to me. Gifts useful, ornamental, and comical, fell to my share—even the time-honored potato did not fail me—but as the same package in which it was found contained also a very handsome article of finely wrought, real Washoe silver, I could not feel much insulted with the potato. I will not begin to enumerate all the pretty things I received, yet must not neglect to mention that amongst my books was numbered a copy of "Mrs. Good's" melodies, from which, as was my bounden duty, I recited sundry selections for the benefit of the assembled party, before we drew around the glowing board to partake of the plentiful repast of "good things."

And so the Christmas was passed away, and when the following morning dawned upon us the rain had long ceased, but the earth was white with snow, the dainty flakes were still falling. Boys and girls were not long in setting forth with their sleds for a grand snow frolic; even more than where snow is abundant, it is appreciated by the juveniles here. A white, pure Christmas, just such an one as we all love to see, just such an one as I have seen many a time at home. Had I not resolutely determined in this my first holiday season out of dear old Philadelphia, to bid defiance to all home-sickness, I am not quite sure what might have been the consequence, as it was I must admit a wee shade of the feeling crept stealthily up from the hidden depths of my heart; yet strong determination and resolute will can accomplish wonders, and through these I did not permit it to overpower me. At noon the mail brought me a certain Christmas-box, containing loving letters and charming tokens of remembrance from the dear ones at home. Nothing could have been better timed, and anyone who has ever been threatened with home-sickness will know what a world of good it did me.

Meanwhile, other citizens of Grass Valley had been making merry in diverse ways. It is a California custom to have trees in the churches, laden with presents for the Sunday-school children, and each congregation assembles for festive celebrations upon Christmas eve in its own church. The idea is, in many respects, a beautiful and noble one; money is subscribed and much labor expended for the purpose of purchasing Christmas gifts for little ones, who, otherwise, would have no time of rejoicing, yet one little oversight—attempt at display—or what you will—to my taste almost spoils the whole. It is this: not only the modest presents to be made to the Sunday-school children are hung upon the festive tree, but wealthy parents of the congregation send also their elegant presents to their own favored little ones, children to parents, friends to friends, all to be publicly distributed from the Sunday-school tree. Now the presents given to the poorer of the children, and which of themselves might bring joy and gladness, fade into insignificance when compared to the elegant gifts that fall to the lots of the favored of fortune. Little Sallie, the poor miner's child, is presented with a doll, which at first sends a thrill of joy through her heart, but beside her little Blanche, daughter of a merchant prince or mine-owner, receives from her fond parents a gaily-dressed doll, with eyes to open and shut, and real flower hair. It is not in human nature that Sallie should not draw comparisons to the complete detriment of her own pleasure, and that she should go home disenchanted and sad! When I make such comments among those interested in these exhibitions, they tell me that children must learn to root out envy from their hearts, and become accustomed to the difference in station that they must necessarily feel more and more as they grow older. Yes, that is all well enough, I know, but it seems to me that the lines need not be so perceptibly marked in a festive celebration within the precincts of a Christian place of worship. However we can't all see alike, and it is well, otherwise there would be less variety in life.

## A DRIVE TO INDIAN SPRINGS.

The earth was so warm, snow could not long remain after it had fallen; the very day after Christmas it was beginning to disappear, and by the following day all traces of it were gone. Soon the machine was as brilliant as ever, the noonday heat almost summer-like once more. Why, the last day of '69 the thermometer, at 2 P. M., actually stood at 72 in the shade. One of these pleasant days, December 30 it was, I received an invitation to drive to "Indian Springs," some ten miles below here. We started in an open buggy at ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun's rays were already so hot and blinding, I found the shade of my parasol most grateful. Through the streets of Grass Valley we drove, followed by many kindly wishes that our drive might be a pleasant one, then out into the open country, through pine groves and pine-shaded roads. Our route lay through a charming country, long sweeps of gently sloping hills, pleasing knolls and dales surrounded us, while in the distance the wild, majestic grandeur of the lofty, snow-clad ranges bewilderingly diversified the scene. Hills covered with an abundant second growth of timber, where the original forest trees had been cut away, leaving but here and there a tall pine of the primitive growth rearing its stately head in impressive grandeur far above these new-crowns, and forest glades overgrown with a dense carpet of buckeye, manzanita, wild lilac, chamisa, and other shrubs, meet the eye upon every side. This chaparral, or densely intermingled growth of shrubbery, must be marvellously picturesque when in bloom, the flowers of the wild lilac and buckeye are said in particular to be extremely brilliant and beautiful.

When we reached the ridge of hills dividing the valley we were leaving from the lower one, to which we proposed descending, my companion drove me up the side of one of these hills, commanding the finest view of the surrounding country. I saw Grass Valley nestled among the hills, and dotted around with its quartz mills, encircled with great heaps of refuse stone from the mines. I saw perhaps a longer stretch of snow mountains than ever before at once, and I saw the Sacramento Valley, with coast range mountains beyond. A heavy fog was rising from the Sacramento Valley, and as I looked at it through the excellent field glass we carried with us, it presented a most singular appearance. Without the aid of the glass it was like some huge sea; with it the vast mass of misty vapor could be distinctly noticed to wreath and curl in its upward struggles, and we felt disposed to laughingly wonder how it fared with the human life beneath its apparently oppressive weight.

Do not accuse me, I pray you, dear reader, of dwelling too frequently and too long upon these scenes I have presented to me. When you come to see California for yourselves you will like my self—yield to the strange fascination of the whole face of the country, which makes me long to see each grand sight from every varied point of view—aye, and talk about it too, upon paper as well as by word of mouth.

It was interesting to note, as we drove towards the change in the timber, how the pine and fir gradually yielded place to the live oak and other varieties. This live oak evergreen oak differs widely from the species known in our Eastern States, is more fantastic and weird than majestic, and is dotted over the country sometimes in accordance with strange freaks of nature. In one place we passed a stretch of land resembling perfectly a well set out orchard, the entire form of the trees, with their knotty, gnarled branches, so similar to very old apple trees, that the foliage alone could make apparent the difference to an unaccustomed eye. In fact it was hard to realize the trees had not been placed in the relative positions they occupied by man's design. This species of oak bears a sweet acorn, which forms an important article of Indian diet.

Indian Springs, our place of destination, we found to be a charming spot. It derives its name from a sparkling stream of water, around which has always been a favorite camping ground of the native Indians. The grass of the valley I found as green and fresh as in spring time, so also was that of Penn Valley, through which we took our route homeward. In these lower valleys snow never falls, and although the noonday sun is no hotter than in Grass Valley, the temperature is more equable throughout the day. The cold spell which brought snow-storm and a few freezing nights here, gave in those lower altitudes just frost enough to kill the wild flowers blooming a few weeks since, and which I had hoped to see.

Driving along, several spots of interest were pointed out to me. Amongst others, a ranch, where, in 1852, an enterprising pioneer planted the first potato crop in the county. He was ridiculed for his undertaking, and assured there was no likelihood of the soil being susceptible of cultivation. Nevertheless he persevered, at a profit of \$3,000 upon the original outlay, and an example which was speedily followed by other ranch owners. Then I saw wretched, tumble-down hovels, once places of rendezvous of the hands of professional robbers, who at an early day abandoned in California; I saw scenes of Indian romance, and much else calculated to awaken the imagination. Nor must I forget to mention a rude, forlorn, frame building, which, before luxury in the way of hotels and inns had crept in, was a noted place of resort hereabouts, and still bears the high-sounding name upon its sign-board—"St. Charles's Hotel."

In "Rough and Ready" township, four miles west of Grass Valley, I had my first opportunity of observing the workings of the hydraulic hose in placer mining. These hydraulic diggings are worked by taking the water from some creek or mountain stream, at a point some miles above the flat or slope to be worked, and conducting it along the hill-sides until a sufficient elevation is obtained over the diggings to make a powerful head. From this point iron pipes or tubes, six to eight inches in diameter, conduct the water down the steep hillsides to the ground to be mined out. A large gutta-percha hose, having a strong nozzle resembling that of fire engines, is attached to the lower end of the pipe, and through it the water gushes with amazing velocity. The force thus attained is sufficient to tear down the gravel banks and disintegrate the soil, which is then carried off by the water through long sluices, leaving the gold against cleats nailed across the bottom of the sluice-boxes. The gold is usually gathered or cleaned up after a run of two or three weeks. One hose will not only accomplish the work of fifty men in the old mode of placer mining, but do it better and more efficiently, and can be managed by one man alone.

## THE SOCIAL PARTY AT "HAMILTON HALL."

All the elite of Grass Valley were assembled at the above named hall for a merry dance, on New Year's Eve. It was a brilliant and pleasant assemblage—and judging from the description in the Grass Valley "National," such an amount of youth, beauty, and elegance, was never before brought together. But, in fact, there were perhaps unusual numbers of fresh young beauties among the gay throng, and notwithstanding the atrocious music, the dance was spirited and merry. In the midst of one of the liveliest quadrilles, every one was amazed at the cry of "Happy New Year," which was soon, however, taken up and re-echoed through the hall. The evening had passed so rapidly, it was hard to believe we had indeed crossed the boundary-line that separated the years, and had entered upon the year 1870.

The old year, with its cares, bitterness, and sorrows, as well as its pleasures, was gone, but not with it the memories that will throng upon one alike in the festive assembly as in the solitude of home. To crush them down, though—all that are fraught with bitterness—and only to retain the bright memories of life should be the effort of each human heart. The task cannot be fully accomplished, I know, but the effort does good—and if each one of us would only try to catch and keep the sunbeams that fall across our paths, instead of dwelling upon the clouds and storms, there would be far more contentment in life.

But how strangely I am wandering from my theme! I must tell you yet that these parties are gotten up by the gentlemen of the place, and seem more in favor here than parties at private houses, other than small gatherings. The dance upon this occasion did not fully break up until 5 o'clock, but I left early, at 2 in the morning.

And so you learn of still another purpose to which "Hamilton Hall" is dedicated. I heard something relative to this renowned place, the other day, which struck me as being "good to tell." A bright little boy, with inquiring mind, was asking me sundry questions relative to Philadelphia. All as once he looked up very eagerly, and fixing his great, sparkling eyes full upon my face, he asked: "And is there a 'Hamilton Hall' in Philadelphia?"

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

In San Francisco the "open-house" system is quite en vogue; in a daily paper I saw a long list of those families who would receive, but here, in the country, there is only calling amongst friends and neighbors, and even that is not a general thing. But there is much dining and luncheon out—I, myself, by special invitation, lunched at one house and dined at another, besides receiving some social calls in my temporary home.

Also, early in the day, I attended again at "Hamilton Hall"—an anniversary celebration in memory of the emancipation proclamation, under the auspices, of course, of the Grass Valley citizens of African descent. These people form a very orderly, well-meaning portion of the community here, and are evidently earnestly endeavoring to make use of every opportunity given them for improvement. The oration delivered by "Brother Hubbard," might have done credit in point of patriotic sentiments, simple eloquence, and earnestness, to many a white orator. To be sure, the amount of learning displayed, and the number of quotations introduced, were somewhat overpowering, yet I have often heard the same in a less able discourse; and I was ready to follow the injunctions of the "colored gentleman" who introduced the speaker—to remember how short a time they had been able to improve and educate themselves, and "not to criticize."

And so the holidays have gone! But I must not close until I have referred to the earthquake shocks of which you have read in the papers. Only think of how I have abused my opportunities. I have actually at the time not been aware of one of them. That of December 29 was said to be the most severe shock ever felt in this vicinity—yet either the house in which I am staying did not shake as did some of the neighbors, or it must have shaken but slightly—I did not experience it. Earthquakes in this vicinity cannot be very alarming I conclude.

AUBER FORESTIER.

## Let Common Sense Decide.

What is the rational mode of procedure in cases of general debility and nervous prostration? Does not reason tell us that judicious stimulation is required? To resort to violent purgation in such a case is as absurd as it would be to bleed a starving man. Yet it is done every day. Yes, this stupid and unphilosophical practice is continued in the teeth of the great fact that physical weakness, with all the nervous disturbances that accompany it, is more certainly and rapidly relieved by HOSKETT'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other medicine at present known. It is true that general debility is often attended with torpidity and irregularity of the bowels, and that this symptom must not be overlooked. But while the discharge of the waste matter of the system is expedient or regulated, its vigor must be recruited. The Bitters do both. They combine aperient and anti-bilious properties, with extraordinary tonic power. Even while removing obstructions from the bowels, they tone and invigorate those organs. Through the stomach, upon which the great vegetable specific acts directly, it gives a healthy and permanent impetus to every civilized function. Digestion is facilitated, the faltering circulation regulated, the blood reinvigorated with a new accession of the alimentary principle, the nerve-brain, and all the formative powers of the system renewed into healthy action; not spasmodically, but for a continuance. It is in this way that such extraordinary changes are wrought in the condition of the feeble, enervated and nervous invalids by the use of this wonderful corrective, alterative and tonic. Let common sense decide between such a preparation and a purgative cathartic supplemented by a poisonous astringent like strychnine or quinine. JAN 31

37 A velocipede-riding youth was recently thrown from his machine in Liverpool and killed.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP is a large, jet white, of VIKING TABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and is the same time possesses all the washing and cleaning properties of the celebrated French Laundry Soap. CRAMPTON'S SOAP, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Rings-place, and 25 and 27 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York. oct-18

37 Rev. Billings Clapp, of Enfield, in his 80th year, has a wife of thirty, and three young children, the oldest five years, and the youngest a babe of nine months. Mr. C. has also ten other children living by a former marriage.

## The State of Maine Held Out at Auction.

The Portland Transcript says:—"Mrs. Jane P. Thurston, of this city, a lady with some real and many imaginary grievances, and who for years has haunted the Legislature, and even Congress, with her claims, proceeded, according to a notice she had formerly given, to sell the state of Maine at auction, at the State House, just before the hour for convening the Legislature on Wednesday week. She received one modest bid of \$100,000,000, but concluded she could herself afford to do better, and before the assembled crowd could collect their astonished wits, she had bid in this eligible property, and at once took possession of the Speaker's chair. It required considerable force to eject her when the hour of organization arrived, the messengers receiving some severe blows in the face. Her clothes were badly torn. She served notice of the sale on the Secretary of State, and notified President Grant by telegraph. The poor woman is a monomaniac, being perfectly sane upon all points except those involving the binding nature of contracts. She is usually very lady-like in her manners, and rarely shows any signs of anger, though often urgently pressing her claims upon the city and the state."

## The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparilla Resolvent, Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills in written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a mystery, that solve the riddle of apoplexy or rheumatism, and can explain, these, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain-suffering victims of the tortures, in from one to twenty minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots, still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmacologists utterly fail with the same ingredients as prepared by them. The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

## Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

Barnstable, Mass., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for Twelve Years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your Ready Relief, and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for 12 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.

HARRIET P. KNAPP.

## Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes.

gave ease and comfort to a bed-ridden sufferer, who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

## "CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!"

During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy caused me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of this admirable remedy.

Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869. (Signed.) HEINRICH LIEBE of Germania, near Martin. Witness: Helmer Namburger, in Dortmund.

DR. RADWAY & Co. have never claimed one hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for fear in mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their narrative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

At first many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, calorie or heat-making—bore, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body. But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they become their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancer, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, aided by the READY RELIEF and PILLS.

## OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparilla settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculous Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparilla Resolvent is \$1 per bottle, or \$5 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 62 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York City. JAN 1

37 Desirable state of destitution—having nothing to reproach one's self with.

## Change of Food Needed.

Man, when confined for any considerable time to one kind of food, is more liable to disease than when his regimen is varied. The diseases common among sailors on long voyages is an illustration of this.

Now, what is true of man is equally true of the various species of animals. Domestic animals, when confined for an undue period of time to one kind of food, sicken and die. Barnyard cattle suffer from the same cause. For them nature has furnished a variety. In summer the different kinds of grasses, with their rich juices, tempt their taste and improve their flesh. Yet even then, we obtain an argument for a variety of food, from the fact that cattle which are fed with grain or vegetables, put on fat more rapidly than when they partake of grass alone. But in the winter our ordinary dry food is not as conducive to growth as the summer grasses.

"Fodder," as it is familiarly termed, has lost much of its original properties in curing. You will find the defect in part supplied by roots of various kinds. Among these, turnips, carrots, beets, and the like, have their value. But these, or something of the kind, should be provided to give variety to our winter supply of stock.

Farmers, look to this, and see if the best cattle, and the best flocks of sheep are not those which have been furnished with a variety of food during their long winter confinement. Would you have good stock? Then have good bins full of roots for their winter feed.

## To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. Dr. Tobias' Venereal Horse Linctament will positively cure every case if given when first taken. The cure is only one dollar. Every owner of a horse should have a bottle in his stable, ready for use. It is warranted superior to anything else for the cure of colic, wind gallop, swellings, sore throat, sprains, bruises, old sores, &c. This Linctament is no new remedy, it has been used and approved for 50 years by the best horsemen in the country. Given to an over-driven horse, it acts like magic. Orders are constantly received from the following States of England &c. The owners of Hiram Woodruff, of Trouting Farm, near it for years. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the Jerome race course, has given a certificate which can be seen at the depot, stating that after years of trial, it is the best in the world. His address is Portland, N. Y. No one using it will ever be without it. It is put up in pint bottles. Sold by druggists and saddlers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. JAN 1

## These are two Salt Lake City signs:

"Holiness to the Lord: Zion's Co-operative Institute." "Holiness to the Lord: Cider, Apples and Cakes for sale here." Nearly all the Mormon signs bear this queer prefix.

## Be Beautiful—Restore Nature's Luster.

If you desire beautiful hair, dark and lustrous, come healthy condition as in youth, use "London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing." Restores gray hair, stops its falling at once; it is utterly different, and possesses great advantages over all other (so-called) restorers, as it is not sticky or gummy; soles nothing; its application is a real pleasure instead of a task; as a hair dressing it is absolute perfection; ask for "London Hair Color Restorer," use no other. Price only 75 cents. One dozen \$6. Sold by dealers everywhere. DR. SWANN & SON, 120 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. JAN 1

37 Mr. Dismore signs nearly all his letters "D," and his autograph is extremely rare.

To Soldiers, Seals and Officers—For collection of Postages, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. HONORARY S. LEASURE & CO., apply.

37 The clerk of the weather evidently brought about the recent mild weather as a punishment to the coal companies for putting up the price of fuel.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 418 Eighth St., Philadelphia. oct 17

37 A married lady in St. Paul has been in a trance state for six weeks, and her husband refuses to send for a doctor. He says he intends to enjoy a quiet time as long as possible.

READ THE FOLLOWING.—HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are an irresistible antidote to all complaints engendered by the excessive use of mercury, opium and other purgatives, stony medicines, instilling new life and vigor into the blood. Manufacturer, 50 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

37 Mrs. Stowe makes the most of her material in her new Byron book but does not bring forward much additional direct evidence; the critics think she has weakened rather than fortified her case; the Pall Mall Gazette is particularly severe on the book.

An Article of True Merit.—"Green's Bronchial Troches" are the most popular article in this country of Europe for throat troubles, coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit, which cannot be sold of many other preparations in the market which are really but weak imitations of the genuine Troches.

## MARRIAGES.

37 Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM M. KNEELAND to Miss ANN E. HUGHES, both of this city.

On the 26th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Mr. S. C. STARK to Miss MARGARET HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 10th of July, by the Rev. ANDREW WARD, Mr. ALBERT SANDERS to Miss ISABELLA BARNARD, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by ALFRED T. DILLON, Mr. GEORGE GILBERT to Miss SARAH KILMER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. M. H. SNEY, Mr. JAMES MANDER to Miss MARY E. SANDFORD, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. DAVID V. SPOON to Miss KATHA CLAYTON, both of Bucks county, Pa.

## DEATHS.

37 Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. CHARLOTTE CRUM, in her 66th year.

On the 15th instant, JOHN STRICKLER, in his 75th year.

On the 17th instant, RICHARD J. BENNETT, in his 82d year.

On the 17th instant, GEORGE B. GILSON, aged 25 years.

On the 10th instant, J. WILLIAM, son of the late Jacob and Theresa Beck, in his 24th year.

On the 15th instant, Miss ANNIE M. ARLE, in her 24th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ANNA C. BAKER, in her 62d year.

On the 15th instant, JANE, widow of the late David Altemus, in her 70th year.

On the 14th instant, CYNTHIA HARRISON, aged 82 years.



## THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for the present year:—

## Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

## Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castelli," &c.

## Bessy Kane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

## A Novelist

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Rocks," &c.

## Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Felling," &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

## The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, paying in advance, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

## A GIFT.

BY ELLEN M. FERRIS.

Over the ivory needle  
Slipping the wool to and fro,  
Weaving a thousand bright fancies  
Into the work as I go—  
Oh! a baby's shoe is a wonderful theme,  
O'er which to linger and ponder and dream.

'Neath my swift fingers how shapely it grows,  
Now with the white zephyr, now with the rose;  
Backward and forward, now loose and now tight,  
And now 'tis like lacework, so soft and so light.

Oh! a dainty present will soon be done,  
For the daintiest lady under the sun.

Ah! so proud and so fine is she,  
She will deign no notice to you or to me.  
She stares around with her wide blue eyes,  
And sometimes she smiles, and often she cries:

But so potent alike are her smile and her cry,  
That from garret to basement the news will fly,  
And that baby smile fill the house with mirth,  
And that baby cry banish peace from the hearth.

Backward and forward the white wool again,  
Taking a loop up and making a chain.  
Now with the pink zephyr a finishing row  
Of shells round the tiny white ankle must go.

A few stitches more, and a gift will be done  
For the daintiest lady under the sun.

Over the ivory needle  
Slipping the wool to and fro,  
Weaving a thousand bright fancies  
Into the work as I go—  
Oh! a baby's shoe is a wonderful theme,  
Over which to linger and ponder and dream.

—N. F. LEADER.

IF A DOG STORY.—At Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, as the gun for revolve and evening roll-call is fired, each day, a dog belonging to the post, and known as "Artillery Jack," takes his position beside it, superintends the operation of loading and firing with the most assiduous attention, and when the match is applied, leaps with a yell through the smoke to catch the ball, which he firmly believes to have been discharged. This he eagerly hunts for around the parade ground, and when disappointed he runs back to the gun, looks into the muzzle, hangs his head and walks away, screaming puzzled and disgusted, but not hopeless.

IF A DR. BERNIER, in Paris, is bleaching noses to which the treacherous influence of liquor has imparted a ruddy glow, by means of a electricity. He has recently restored a lady of the highest rank to happiness, changing her nose—a blooming rose—into a delicate lily. Dr. Bernier is having his method patented.

## THE LITTLE COTTAGE.

BY JOHN E. ROLLES.

Round our little cottage door  
Twines a garland green,  
And it bears the fairest flower  
That on earth is seen.  
By the little cottage gate  
Grows a sweet, sweet briar,  
Prouder than in kingly state—  
Old and young admire.  
By that cottage window  
Blooms a climbing rose,  
Giving sweetest odors  
To every wind that blows.

On the lonely cottage roof  
Little mosses spring,  
And the gentle sparrows  
In the clefts do sing,  
And the blue-eyed violets  
Round the cottage spring;  
Violets and roses,  
Honeysuckles, too,  
Pinks and bright sweet-williams,  
Bathed in morning dew,  
And the clover blossoms,  
Red and white, for you.

Will you change that cottage  
For a palace great?  
And its smiling comforts  
For a crown of state?  
For a palace splendid,  
Where the proud may range?  
Happiness is seated  
When you make the change.

—Norwich Bulletin.

## GEORGE CANTEBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

CALLED OUT OF THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

Lamps at the door and carriages dashing up to it, and the shouting of clashing coachmen, and the sweet scent of exotics through the hall and up the staircase, proclaimed that Major and Mrs. Dawkes were holding a reception. Strictly speaking, it was here. When the Major got home, after his interview with Kesiah, he had barely time to get his dinner-coat on. Half-a-dozen people dined with them, and the reception came later. The Major had quite forgotten there was to be one; if indeed he had ever been made aware of it.

He was beginning to hate these crowds at his own home. Careless-natured though he was, there were certain dangers besetting his path that half frightened him; and the mob jarred upon his nerves.

Mrs. Dawkes did not consult him when she should hold them; and was not likely to. As yet the dangers were at a tolerable distance; and the Major, always sanguine, hoped to avert them.

Not one single person do we know amidst the crowd. Satins, feathers, fans, bouquets, jostle the black coats of men; a gaudy company; but to us they are strangers. Mrs. Dawkes, in white silk and lace, her golden hair worn carelessly—and perhaps that is the chief reason of its looking so wonderfully beautiful—stands to receive them. But now some one comes in whom we do know—Thomas Kage the barrister. And his presence in that house is so very rare—at least at its gay doings—that Major Dawkes lifts his supercilious eyebrows, and wonders audibly what the diabolical has brought him.

This. Somebody had said in his ear lately, that Mrs. Dawkes was killing herself—killing herself with the dissipated life she led—and that she was looking just as though she had one foot in the grave, and might be in it now before her mother, if she did not take care.

For that poor old shaking scarecrow was alive yet. A sad burden to herself, a wearing trouble to all around her, she existed on, never moving out of the one room she occupied in her house at Chilling. Fry, her maid, had quitted her place, strength and patience alike reduced, and had taken service with Mrs. Dawkes. But it is not with Mrs. Kage that we have anything to do.

No Thomas Kage came to see. He generally had a standing card for Mrs. Dawkes's assemblies. In spite of his non-attendance, she always sent them; and he thought he would for once make use of it. He drew aside to say a word to the Major. Drawing aside to let the crowd pass in advance, he stood against the wall while he scanned her.

Even so. She was looking thin, worn, ill. Dark circles were round her eyes; her lips were feverish; her cough—she coughed three or four times—had a hollow hacking sound. A strange pang shot through the heart of Thomas Kage.

"You here!" exclaimed Caroline, her face lighting up with pleasure as she met Mr. Kage's hand. "I should think it would rain gold to-morrow."

"Because my appearance here is so rare?" "You know it is. If my poor receptions were poison, Thomas, you could not scotch them worse than you do."

"I wish I could induce you to eschew them, Caroline."

"That is good!"

"You are looking very thin."

"Yes, I am thin. I have not been well lately."

"What has been the matter?"

"Oh, a cold, I think. I have spit a little blood once or twice."

"Caroline!"

She laughed at his face of consternation.

"It was ever so many weeks ago. Nothing but the cough brought it on. One night, coming out of St. James's Hall, the carriage could not get up. Major Dawkes was in a hurry to go somewhere, so we walked to it. I had nothing on my neck but a thin lace cape, and the cold caught my chest. I am quite well again. It is the sitting up late and the rackety life we lead that makes me look thin."

"Caroline, I am glad to hear you acknowledge that fact. To lead this life always would injure one twice as strong as you are. There's reason in resting eggs, you know."

"Appropos of what?"

"But there's no reason in leading it without cessation," continued Mr. Kage, following out his argument. "Why don't you go down to the Rock?"

Caroline shrugged her pretty shoulders. The diamonds resting on her neck (Olive Canterbury's diamonds by good right) glittered in their marvellous brightness.

"Do you want me to die of ennui, Thomas? I should if I went there."

"You did not die of it when you lived there in the days gone by."

"But I had not then tried a London life. It is dull for me there, Thomas. You cannot say otherwise; and the Major never stays there with me. The last time I went there, if he came down for a couple of days, he was all restlessness until he got off again. He has his pursuits here, his brother officers and that, and cannot bear to tear himself away from them. In July, or August at the latest, I shall go with little Tom to one of the quiet German baths for two months. It will set us both up."

"Tom is not very strong," he remarked. "He was as strong and healthy a little fellow born as could be, but he has killed himself lately. They say his chest is weak."

"I know what I should say—if you will allow me, Caroline."

"Say on," she laughingly rejoined.

"That it is the confinement in London that disagrees with him. For the first three or four years of the child's life he was kept chiefly in the healthy country air, and then you transplanted him to this close town. Suppose you treated a plant so. It would soon droop, if not die."

Mrs. Dawkes grew grave. The argument struck her.

"There is really nothing amiss with the child, Thomas; except that he has lately looked delicate."

"But he should look hardy, and not delicate. I say, Caroline, that he requires country air. And so do you."

"He has a wonderful affinity with me, that child," exclaimed Caroline fondly. "If I droop, he seems to droop. You come to see him oftener than you do me, sir."

"Is it my fault if you lie in bed of a morning?" asked Mr. Kage in a laughing tone. "In going to the Temple I sometimes walk round here. It is the most convenient time for me and for Tom. 'Mamma's not up,' he always says."

The soft strains of a band in another apartment rose on their ear. Caroline passed her arm within her cousin's.

"You will go through a quadrille with me, Thomas?" she whispered.

And Mr. Kage heard it with intense surprise.

"A quadrille! I! Why, do you know how long it is since I danced one?"

"How long is it?"

"So long that I cannot recollect. Yes, I do. The last time I danced a quadrille was that long bygone year when I was staying with my mother at Little Bay. I danced it with you, Caroline."

Their eyes met, quite unintentionally on either side; and for a brief moment the sweet fantasy of that departed time was recalled to either heart.

"I have never danced one since," said Mr. Kage.

"But you will this evening?"

"I do not think you ought to dance at all. You give yourself too much fatigue without that."

"It will be good, and have but this one, if you will dance it with me. There; that's a promise."

"Really, Caroline, I do not remember the figures."

She gently drew him on, and he stood up with her. Two or three very young men, embryo barristers, put up their glasses when they saw him, and laughed with each other. There was nothing to laugh at, either in him or his dancing; but they had never seen the sight before.

Later, when looking about for Major Dawkes, in the rooms and out of them, and unable to find him, Judith appeared in view, coming down the stairs.

"I never see such a child," she exclaimed to Mr. Kage, between whom and herself there was much confidence on the score of her little charge. "Just look, sir"—indicating a bit of folded paper in her hand.

"Because his mamma did not have him in to say good-night, he has been writing this to me, and made me bring it.—Oh, it's you, ma'am."

Mrs. Dawkes opened the paper, holding it so that Thomas Kage could see.

"My dearest mamma, I say good-night to you. You must come and kiss me when the people are gone. I shall lie awake looking at the angels. I have said my prayers."

"What does he mean by 'looking at the angels'?" questioned Mr. Kage of Caroline.

"Oh, he means that little toy that poor Belle Annesley gave him. He never goes to bed without it, does he, Judith?"

"Never, ma'am; there he is now, set up on end in his little bed, and the thing open before him."

"You ought to make him go to sleep, Judith."

"I should like to know how, ma'am," replied the girl respectfully; "he's almost as fond of music as he is of his angels. There'll be no sleep for him till the tunes have shut up for the night."

"I will come to him before I go to bed," said Caroline, exclaiming to her guests.

But Mr. Kage thought he should like to see the boy then, and turned towards the stairs. It was a frightfully high house, this Belgrave mansion; the roof pretty high in the clouds. This floor was devoted to reception-rooms; on the next were the best bed chambers; on the one above that slept Tom; and there were the cloud apartments yet, no end to them. The day and the night nursery opened one into the other; they were rather small, for on that landing were crowded several rooms.

Tom was sitting up in bed, the purple-silk curtain at its head drawn between his face and the door. Mrs. Dawkes was careful of her treasure, as though he were some rich toy, and surrounded him with comforts. He thought it was his nurse coming back.

"Did you get to see her, Judith?"

"Yes, and gave her the document."

The answer was in Mr. Kage's voice, and the boy put aside the silk curtain with a joyful shout. Not a loud shout; he was never boisterous, as boys mostly are. His fair curls were brushed back; his white night-gown lay smooth on his shoulders; before him, on the counterpane, was the pretty toy given him by Belle.

"What do you mean by this line of conduct, young sir? Sitting up like this, when you should be fast asleep!"

Tom laughed.

"I am hearing the music!" he said. "Do you make a point of listening to it always at these hours, when it may be going on?"

"Yes, always," said Tom stoutly; "I wish they'd play 'Here we suffer grief and pain.'"

"What may that be?" asked Mr. Kage.

"It's a song Fy taught me. Shall I sing a verse of it to you?"

There was a lull in the down-stairs music

at the time; and the boy began, in his weak, gentle, but very sweet voice; a voice that would be worth hearing some day if he lived—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again,  
In heaven to part no more.  
Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!  
Oh, that will be joyful!"

When we meet to part no more."

The boy, who had clasped his hands as he sang, unclasped them, and looked up.

"You are a curious child," thought Mr. Kage.

"The other verse is about little children; but I don't know it quite yet. It begins, 'Little children will be there.' In heaven, you know."

Thomas Kage made no answer. He was gazing down, lost in thought, on the boy's delicate face. An idea came over him, almost like a prevision, that the lad would not live beyond the age of childhood. For a moment regret had full place.

"God knows best," he said, in his inward heart; and he laid his hand on the child's head, and kept it there.

"Where's Judith, Mr. Kage?"

The question recalled him to present things; and Judith's step was even then heard. Mr. Kage went down, intending to find Major Dawkes as he departed, and say the word he wished to say. But the Major seemed not easy to be found.

A short while before this, one of the servants had made his way quietly to his master, saying, in a whisper, that he was wanted below. The man, Richard by name, was attached more than any of the rest to his master's personal service, and knew pretty well about his embarrassments.

"Wanted at this hour!" exclaimed the Major, haughtily; "who is it?"

"It's Mr. Jessup, sir."

"Mr. Jessup! Did you admit him?"

"He admitted himself, sir. The front doors are open to-night."

"You are a fool, Richard," said the Major, wrathfully.

Mr. Jessup was the Major's principal lawyer. His coming at that late hour boded no good; and, good or ill, the Major resented the being disturbed. There were times for business, and times for pleasure. Richard had put him into the Major's study—the room with the pipes and pistols. Many an unpleasant interview had it been witness to lately; and Major Dawkes was beginning to shun it.

Only one of the gas-lights was burning; and Mr. Jessup, a portly man with a flaxen wig, stood under it. Major Dawkes had just told his servant Richard he was a fool; Mr. Jessup, waiting for his audience, was thinking that of all fools the world ever saw, his client Barnaby Dawkes was about the greatest.

Standing together, the conference was carried on in a low tone—almost a whisper; dangerous secrets cannot be discussed at a high pitch. A certain matter—or rather a suspicion of a certain matter—had got to Mr. Jessup's ears that evening, and he came down to the Major.

"Is it so, Major? You had better tell me."

The Major would a great deal rather not tell. He shuffled and equivocated, and finally subsided into silence. Mr. Jessup did not make a pretence of listening to him; he knew what he knew.

"No earthly thing can patch up this and avert exposure, save one, Major; and that is, money. You must get it—no light sum, either."

It was the lawyer's parting mandate. Major Dawkes, left alone, took a rapid survey of his situation, feeling something like a man desperate. Money he must have; it was true as heaven.

A sharp glance upwards, as the door opened; and an angry frown. He had thought it was the lawyer coming back again; but it was Mr. Kage. Richard had said where his master might be found.

"I will not disturb you for a minute, Major Dawkes. I have but a word or two to say. Are you giving it out that I am going to advance you some of Thomas Canterbury's money?"

"No."

"Two or three applications have been made to me—from your creditors, I presume—asking whether it be true that I am about to accommodate Major Dawkes with funds from the estate to which I stand trustee. I could only think you had been spreading the report."

"I may have said that I wished you would do it," said the Major; "people jump to conclusions."

"I wish you would undeceive them, then. It gives them trouble, and me too."

"What was your answer, pray?"

"That they were under a misapprehension altogether; that I had neither the power nor the will to advance any money belonging to Thomas Canterbury."

Major Dawkes bit his lip.

"It would so oblige me, Kage—if you could be induced to do it. The money would be as safe as the Bank of England; I would give you security, and repay the whole within a year."

"You had my answer before, Major. I told you then, that I must decline discussion on the subject; pardon me, if I adhere to it. Could I allow even that, I should be scarcely a true trustee. Good-night."

"Good-night," was the Major's answer. "And I wish you were dead, I do!" he growled, as a parting blessing.

## CHAPTER XXX.

AN OLD WARNING RECALLED.

Shrunken and wasted now. The fire had gone out for ever from the once fierce, gray eyes; the strong hands were feeble as a child's; but the will was vigorous yet, and the body strove to be. Mrs. Garston, with her all but ninety years, was better than are some at seventy.

She sat by the fire in her handsome chamber in a warm dressing-gown of quilted gray silk, her nightcap on her head. Towards evening she would get up, in spite of Dr. Tyndal—in spite of everybody. Her hands lay on her lap, her head was bowed forward—the old stiff uprightness could not be maintained now.

"It's time I was gone, Thomas. The silver cord's loosed, and the golden bowl's broken. A few more weary days and nights, and you'll put me in the grave."

In his sense of truth, in the strong opinion he held against attempting to deceive the dying with false hopes, Thomas Kage did not strive to refute her words. He sat near her, having called in, as was his custom, on coming home from the Temple.

"I should like to lie by your mother. We

lived side by side in life; why not repose together in death? Mind about that, Thomas—but it is in the directions I've written. She was young enough to be my daughter, and she was called away years before me. Only a little while now before we shall be together."

The fire played on the fresh colors of the hearth-rug. Mrs. Garston liked bright things about her yet. Its flames flickered on the face that would never more be win-some.

"It seems a dark road at starting, Thomas—this setting out for the journey of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Once the gates passed through, it will be light eternal. A many have gone through it before me; a many have got to come after."

Something in the words struck oddly on Thomas Kage's heart. He bent forward, speaking in a whisper.

"You do not fear the passage?"

"Me! Fear it? I hope not, child. God help my ingratitude if I did! He'd have given me my patriarch's years in vain. I am setting out for the golden city, Thomas; and I don't care how soon I'm there."

She held up one of her hands. He drew his chair nearer, and sat clasping it.

"You've been like a son to me, Thomas. You were better than a son to your mother; and, mind, God's blessing will go with you always. I'm sure of that. You are another that need not fear the summons to the Valley; no, not though it came to you to-night."

Mr. Kage grew slightly uneasy. She had never talked in this way before. He thought there must be some hidden and perhaps unconscious cause for it—that the summons she spoke of might be already overshadowing the spirit.

A pause ensued—rather a long one; her eyes were turned to the fire in thought. When she began to speak again, it was of other things.

"I'd like you to move into this house, Thomas, remember. You can't your own."

"This house! It would be too large for me."

"Not it. When a man marries, and gets a family about him, he wants plenty of room. Don't you forget that I wish you to come to it. You'd hardly bring Millicent Canterbury home to the next door if you could bring her here. She'd go with you to a hotel; that's my opinion; but she may like elbow-room for all that, when there's no reason why she shouldn't have it."

Not a word said Thomas Kage in refutation. That Millicent Canterbury would be his wife some time—certainly his wife if he married at all—he had grown to think very probable. While his prospects were unmeasured he would not marry, in spite of Mrs. Garston's sharp orders to do so; but he was getting on well now.

"You'll walk up together, once in a way, on a summer's evening, you and your wife, Thomas, to take a look at my grave. So will Charlotte. Mind you keep it in good order; but I know you will, because you so keep your mother's—What's the news?"

The transition was sudden. Thomas Kage, smiling slightly, said he knew of none in particular.

"Heard anything about Barby Dawkes?"

"No. Is there any to hear?"

"That's what I asked you," said Mrs. Garston, with a touch of her old retort; "I fancied there might be; that's all. Barby's in a mess again, Thomas; a deep one, too."

Mr



## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY MRS. M. E. BANGSTER.

Uncle Caleb, and Ruth his wife,  
Caring little for outside weather,  
Fifty years of their wedded life  
Spent in this tiny house together.

Mossy the roof and gray the wall,  
Narrow the window, low the door;  
But love's own sunlight hallowed it all,  
From rafted ceiling to sanded floor.

Silent be-day; but silver sweet  
Voices of children long ago,  
Keeping time to their restless feet,  
Followed the mother to and fro.

Scattered afar from East to West,  
Seeking their fortunes far and wide;  
No one stays in the olden nest,  
Where such beautiful memories hide.

Stranger-feet on the time-worn stair  
Wake the echoes of other days!  
Stranger-voices are lifted where  
Caleb once "turned the tune" of praise.

Caring naught for the desolate pain  
Of the wind in the pine-tree tops,  
Caring naught for the grieving rain  
That so sadly over them drops;

Heeding as little the sunbeam's kiss,  
Falling sweet from the summer sky,  
In a narrower house than this  
Caleb and Ruth together lie.

Up where the many mansions wait,  
In there, I wonder, a cottage small—  
Not too stately its pearly gates,  
Not too shining its golden wall—

Where these two may in peace abide?—  
Heaven were none if these must part—  
Caleb away from her gentle side,  
Ruth afar from his faithful heart!

Hand in hand from morning to night  
Travelled these two the long earth day;  
Surely they walk through the fields of light,  
Hand in hand on the shining way.

Blessed love of husband and wife,  
Love that lasted through cares and fears,  
Filling this place with the charm of life,  
Peace unclouded for fifty years.

## A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,  
AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## XXXVII.

## ANDREW SPEAKS TWICE.

Aunt Julia looked so very pale to-day, that I thought she must be ill; but it seemed that she was up all night with Bromer, who was quite delicious.

"Why didn't you let one of the servants sit up with her?" I asked.

"She was so very violent, that it frightened them."

"You must not do it again. Send for a professional nurse. I never have seen you as nervous before."

"I am almost tempted to believe in ghosts!" was her response to this expression of anxiety on my part.

"To believe in ghosts! Have you seen them?"

"I have seen—Ferd."

"Ferd?"

"I was going to the housekeeper's room, to get some jelly for mixing Bromer's powders—for I didn't wish any of the girls stumbling around there with a candle—and as I went down that long passage, I saw some one coming to meet me—a man! I thought it was one of the servants, and observed how noiselessly he walked when he passed me, and I saw it was Ferd. He had something in his hand, and passed me without looking at me. I was so terrified that I almost dropped my candle; and when he was gone by, did not dare to look around for some minutes."

"And when you did look?"

"He was gone. There, now! I have frightened you!"

"I am in a chronic state of alarm. I am so frightened all the time, that nothing can frighten me any more."

"I shouldn't have told you this—but I felt as if I could not keep it to myself."

"Since all I can give you in return for your care and kindness is my sympathy, I don't grudge you that, dear."

"But—" began Aunt Julia. Then she stopped, kissed me, and looked anxiously into my face.

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Julia. Since I have heard that Cecil is alive—" I indignantly concluded my sentence by a shower of tears.

"You are nervous, as well as auntie, it seems! Put on your thickest boots, and some warm wraps, and walk half an hour in the garden; I think you don't exercise sufficiently."

I obeyed her.

It was a bright morning. No snow as yet; the air crisp and fresh; and the hawthorn thick with scarlet berries. I pulled a spray, and with it looped back my fallen curls—for I wore neither hood nor hat, delighting to feel the air play through my loosened hair, I felt more in tune with Nature, as I walked, and hummed a melody that had in it some of the sparkle and freshness of the atmosphere; and as I turned down an alley of evergreens, I sang the last verse aloud.

Blow fresh and clear,  
Wind of the dying year,  
Our deeds, like dead leaves, strew the trodden path;  
Scatter the treasured gold,  
Those dark with earthly mould,  
Those red with guilt, and black with stains  
Of wrath—  
Make fresh and clean the way that must be trod,  
For the white snow of God.

As I sang, Ruth came down the alley towards me. There was something of her old, lithe grace in her walk this morning; she seemed less stately, less commanding; she was paler, too—and the full, red lips were set more straightly. Something in her aspect seemed to threaten battle; what, I



THE BURIAL PLACE OF MILTON.

In the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, were buried Speed, the historian, John Foxe, author of the celebrated "Book of Martyrs," and the great poet, John Milton, author of "Paradise Lost."

The entry of the latter's burial is "John Milton, Gentleman, Buried Nov. 12th, 1674. Consumption. Chancel." The exact site of his grave is probably unknown; but the spot to which the traditions of the parish point is now covered with pews. A bust of Milton, by Banks, was affixed to a column in the central aisle, by Mr. Samuel Whitbread, about 1790. This has been removed to the rich memorial monument in the south aisle, erected by public subscription, in 1862. Here is a fact for a cynic; the greatest epic poet of England was buried in Cripplegate church, 1674; and one hundred and eighty years after, Milton's countrymen erect a monument near his grave! However, the fact has also its pleasant side: a late repentance is better than none; and Cripplegate may rejoice

that she has the monument at last. Is a church always the trustworthy guardian of the dead buried within its walls? "Undoubtedly," many will say; "once let the gravestones be placed, and the long repose shall not be broken, until the mysterious trumpet of the judgment shall call forth the sleeping ones to the light of an endless day."

Such may be the true answer in many cases; but what do men say about the grave of Milton? That on August 4th, 1790, the grave was opened by the churchwardens, a corroded leaden coffin, without plate or inscription, was cut through, and the air entering, much of the body fell to dust. Report also says that reckless hands were allowed to take away some of the teeth, and out off portions of the long hair; and there was even a rumor that the skull had been abstracted for a museum. Those who believe that the body thus shamefully disturbed was that of Milton, might be reasonably indignant; but skepticism utters the

consoling whisper, that the wrong grave had been opened, and that the poet still rests in an undisturbed grave.

It further adds to the interest with which we regard this church, that within its walls Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bourchier were married, on August 29th, 1650. Thus St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is associated with the names of four historical men—Speed, the preserver of many an ancient memorial; Foxe, the vivid painter of martyrs' triumphant agonies; Cromwell, the sagacious, daring, and inflexible ruler of men; and Milton, who drew aside the veil of the invisible, opening to the human gaze the mysterious struggles of angelic worlds. The last name alone would crown any structure with glory. If Florence, after the lapse of above five centuries, honors with grand celebrations the memory of Dante, Englishmen should not forget the church where their greatest epic poet sleeps. When a nation forgets her illustrious dead, the shadows of decay are falling upon her.

could not tell; and, as she neared me, I saw the yellow light in her eyes, and a certain defiant curve of the full throat, that belonged to it when it was long and slender. I finished my stanza, and then said—

"Good-morning, Ruth."

"Good-morning. You seem religiously inclined, this morning."

"Do you ever?"

"When I do, I read my Bible. I read it this morning."

"I am so glad."

"I read in the Commandments—'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"And that decided you, I hope, never to say any disagreeable things; since Malice is a twentieth cousin of Murder."

"This seemed to confuse her for an instant, and then she said—

"I sat there thinking about it, and wondering if it were obligatory upon a person who knew of a crime that was unknown to the rest of the world, to expose the criminal. Suppose—I said to myself—that the criminal has a wife, and, leaving her, she mourns him as a good man should be mourned by an affectionate wife, and looks for his return; when, perhaps, the sense of his crime has driven him away forever. Would it be true mercy to let her look and long for him, and sicken day by day—or tell her what he is, and make this wound the healing of the other?"

While she was speaking, a dreadful premonition crept into my heart; but I fought it down; and when she said—

"If you were the wife, which would you think to be the real kindness?"

I answered—

"I can't fancy myself in such a position. Perhaps I might, if I didn't know where Cecil is, and that you are jealous of Morty."

How her face flamed at that!

"You know where he is! Has he written to you?"

"How I wanted to say yes!—but I answered—

"I thought not. He needn't fear me, however; and Andrew—Andrew will be silent for the sake of the family."

"I should think you might do that."

"You don't know? No—you can't know."

"How nice it is to have some one tell me what I know, and what I don't know."

"You never did believe me—and yet I think you should be told; for I do not think he ever intends to come back."

"Has he written to tell you so?"

"He has never written to me, since just before you left the Continent; and then—he didn't know that I was married." She raised her hand, and signalled with it to some one behind me.

I turned around, and saw Andrew coming down the walk. When he reached us, he took off his hat, and looked inquiringly at Ruth.

"You have a pretty good memory, haven't you, Andrew?"

"Pretty good, Miss Ruth—Madam."

"Can you remember a certain masquerade on the Dark Pool, eight or nine years ago?"

Andrew looked at me, and grew scarlet. (Why was it that, when he grew so red, I felt myself grow deadly pale?)

"Yes, madam."

"There was trouble of some sort, during the skating—a woman screamed, and you ran to the spot, with a lantern?"

"Yes, madam."

"Two men had been struggling—the ice was broken—one had disappeared, and the other fled, as you came up?"

"Yes, madam."

"The one who ran was unmasked. You saw his face?"

"I did, madam."

"Who was it?"

"A perfect stranger, madam."

Ruth stood for a minute silent, and glaring at him. At last she said—

"You told me then it was Cecil Carmand."

"I was in love with you then, Miss Ruth, and I—hid, madam."

"In love with me! Was I a chambermaid, fellow?" And Ruth turned and walked away, leaving me alone with Andrew.

I stood there, utterly overwhelmed. I had come to this conclusion. While questioning Andrew, Ruth believed this to be so. She had anticipated his answer, and he had disappointed her. He had told her that once, and now—was it now, or then, that he had told the truth?

I went up to him and put my hand on his arm. He hung his head, and half-turned away from me, then stood still, keeping and looking a dogged silence.

"Andrew—" I began, and then stopped.

"Andrew—"

"Shan't I help you into the house, my lady? You don't look well."

"Not until you have told me the truth."

"It is told, my lady."

"It was told at that time, Andrew."

"My lady—"

"It is a dreadful thing to tell a wife, Andrew, but—it is true."

"I saw a stranger, my lady."

"Andrew—oh! my God!—you did not."

"My lady, your ladyship—"

"Forget that I am a lady. Tell me, as an honest man speaking to an honest woman, did you tell Miss Ruth the truth? Remember, God hears you."

"My lady—Miss Percy—"

"It is true! Just bow your head, Andrew."

He bent his head, and then I—no, I didn't faint, I turned around, put my two hands to my head, and ran towards the house like a mad woman.

When I rushed into the house the first person whom I saw was Morty, who had just come in, and was drawing off his gloves in the hall. The wild fashion of my entrance surprised and startled him, for he paused, with the hand from which the remaining glove had only been half-drawn off extended, the glove dangling from the tip of his fingers, and looking as if his hand had been absurdly lengthened, inclining me to laugh hysterically, even in the midst of my agony. Morty smiled himself, withdrew the glove, and stood aside to allow me to precede him into the room. I passed through the door, and by the servant who held it open with as calm an air as I could assume, and seated myself as soon as possible, for I felt all my strength failing me.

"You really startled me when you came in just now," said Morty. "You looked so wild that I was afraid something dreadful had happened."

"Something dreadful has happened."

Although I did not look up I felt that Morty was regarding me with amazement. Certainly, my tone and manner were the very reverse of what would have been expected from any one who had heard evil news. But I was stunned, and I spoke and felt as if in a dream. I did not for an instant think of keeping what I had heard secret from Morty should he question me. I knew I should have his sympathy, his pity, and his advice, and, if Cecil did not come back, the whole world would soon know the reason why. This thought roused me. I started from my seat, and began to pace the room.

Morty came to me, slipped his hand under my arm, and walked beside me. He did not speak, but I knew he was giving me that silent sympathy that is better than words.

"Eleanor," he said at last, "is—is it anything about Cecil?"

I moaned and hung my head. I felt now as if I could not tell him.

"He is not—"

"Dead! No. I wish he were."

"Oh! my dear!"

"Is not a natural death better than—than—hanging?"

"Eleanor!" He evidently thought me mad.

"Do you know what he—what my husband has done? He has killed a man."

"Killed a man?"

"At least that is all they know of now. He may have killed twenty. There has been time in eight years."

"You are very much excited. Hadn't Aunt Julia better—"

"No. I am not mad, but soon may be," I said, and then laughed at the terrible irony, a laugh that rang out peal after peal beyond my control, carrying all my life with it, it seemed, as I shuddered, trembled, and clung to Morty with both hands—so firmly, that he could not break from me. At last I stopped utterly exhausted, and Morty carried me to a couch, but still I clung to him, although unable to speak. He tried to loosen my hands, and then I managed to speak slowly, very slowly, I felt so very weak.

"Don't—call—any—one—I wish—to—tell—you."

He sat down by me patiently, drew my head to his shoulder, and smoothed the hair gently from my forehead. "What is it?" he said.

"It was Rupert—who—was—drowned. I have always felt—sure—of—it. Miss Gray—liked him, and he—hated him."

"He? Who?"

"My—my—Cecil. He drowned—him—that night—of the—masquerade."

"Drowned Rupert?"

"Yes."

"Who told you so?"

"Ruth. I wouldn't believe her, but—I—did Andrew."

"Ruth told you that Rupert was drowned, and Cecil did it?"

"Yes."

"My God!"

"God is still left. Oh! I had forgotten Him! He will help me to bear this."

"But you said something about Andrew?"

"I would not believe her, so she called Andrew, who—who saw the murderer run away. He would not tell her who it was, but he told me when I insisted."

"He told you it was Cecil Carmand?"

"Yes. He told me it was my husband." Morty put my head from his shoulder and got up.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Justice." He crossed the room—we were in the Blue Room—and went into the chamber opening from it, the one in which the child Persephone had combed Mrs. Russell's hair, and shut the door behind him. Why did he do it? What was his intention? I sprang up to follow him, when the door opened again and Rupert came out, quickly approaching me. The face was Rupert's, but the dress and figure were those of Morty Mordark. No need of explanation. Rupert and Morty were one. I just gave one little cry and sprang into his arms. He was alive—my darling Rupert was alive—and Cecil innocent!

## XXXVIII.

(Narrative Supplied by the Editor.)

SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS.

When Ruth had left Lady Carriek, after Andrew's refusal to hear witness to her assertion, she was in anything but a Christian frame of mind. Frantic with jealousy of her husband, she had failed in wounding the woman whom she believed to be her rival in his affection, by denouncing the man who had once rejected her proffered hand. Rushing down the alley like a baffled tigress, she had involuntarily looked back as she reached its termination, had seen Lady Carriek's appeal to Andrew, and paused to watch its result. As plainly as if she had heard every word spoken, she knew that the foot was dragged piece by piece from the reluctant Andrew, and saw Lady Carriek put her hands to her temples and run towards the house. The train was fired, but she feared the result of the explosion. Was Morty there?—would she tell him? She crept around to the other side of the evergreen and saw her victim rush into the house. Then she stole around to the window, saw her come into the Blue Room with Morty, and sat herself with a composure that astonished her. She saw Morty speak to her, but could not hear what he said, the window being closed; but when Lady Carriek got up and passed the room, she trembled and grew hot and cold by turns, for she knew what was coming. In her blind rage she had not thought of this. She crouched and listened as Morty listened to Eleanor, and she watched his face change and his color come and go. When he went into the chamber, she watched for him to come out in an agony of suspense. He came out—and then she knew that all her duplicity had been revealed. As she watched the cousins in each other's arms, clinging to each other with tears and kisses and broken words, she heard some one coming down the walk. She started, about to fly, but looking back over her shoulder, saw Cecil. Then she stopped and held out her hand, her eyes bright, her cheeks scarlet. He came up, took the hand, and was about to speak, when he glanced in at the window. His warm, soft hand was ice and marble in an instant, and he grasped her hand so savagely she would have cried out had it not been for fear of disturbing the tableau before them. He looked again and again, started and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled joy and incredulity, "It is—Rupert!"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

"Ah! you are—thankful?"

"Why shouldn't I be? I am no murderer."

"No. Your conscience's clear."

He looked at her fixedly. "You lied to me."

"Yes—but it is a pity, isn't it? Wouldn't it have been better to have thought him dead, than to have found him alive, thus?"

"You may fancy the idea exciting, but I am not fond enough of excitement to enjoy that of supposing myself, even unintentionally, the cause of a man's death. Neither do I see any reason why own cousins should not kiss one another—I recollect that you and I did that."

"Own cousins by—marriage."

"Allow me to correct you. Eleanor is Robert Russell's daughter; I made a pilgrimage of affection to my wife's birthplace, and gleaned a sufficient amount of information, coupled with undoubted proofs, to establish this fact."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Poor grandmamma! You did marry your cousin, in spite of her."

"Yes, Ruth; but I think if she were alive, she would forgive me even that, when she arrived at a knowledge of my complete change of feeling towards herself."

"Fool! I don't care for that. Strange as it may appear, I have long loved my husband better than my duple."

"Not altogether your duple. I knew enough of your fondness for the truth, never to be certain of Rupert's death. I thought you might have kept him somewhere in abeyance, to marry you if others failed you—good morning." And Ruth, knowing what she did know, with Eleanor and Rupert in each other's arms, burned upon the retina of her jealous eyes, with the knowledge of Cecil's cool contempt, managed to stand in an attitude of careless grace, smiling sweetly all the time, until he had disappeared.

Lord Carriek had told Ruth that first cousins had a right to be as affectionate as they pleased; but it did not follow that he was altogether delighted to find his wife in the arms of her first cousin, weeping over him those joyful tears which would be wiped over the beloved dead could they come to life again, and I think that, after the first exclamation from Rupert, when Cecil came into the room, and he released his cousin, to hold out both hands to him, there was no other joyful cry—for had not Cecil been prepared to find Rupert?—and Eleanor had said nothing, but stood, breathless with delight, her two hands clasped together, and all her heart in her eyes.

"I had seen you through the window," said Cecil. "But where did you come from, and where have you been hidden all these years?"

Rupert laughed and bounded into the chamber from which he had just emerged, and came back Morty Mordark. He was absent just one minute, and, in that minute Cecil had turned towards Eleanor, but, before he could speak—if he had intended to speak—Rupert was back, and Cecil laughed gaily. "You never, any of you, suspected—and I might have remained Morty Mordark to the end of my days, had it not been for— Here he stopped, and bit his lips. He had been about to expose his wife.

"For what?" asked Cecil.

"For—for Eleanor."

"Did she recognize you?"

"No; but Ruth—Andrew—"

"Ruth! Why, Ruth is your wife?"

"Ruth is my wife."

"Why have you hidden yourself under



that brown wig and beard and the name of Morty Mordak?"

"Because of that unfortunate night of the masquerade, when I—well, I didn't know what I was about, and I knocked a man into the water."

"Knocked a man into the water! That is just what I was told I did. And you are alive and well. Do you recollect doing anything of the kind?"

"I remember no circumstance of that occurred night; I only know that since then I have wandered as Cain did. And—where is Ferd?"

"Was it Ferd?"

"Yes."

"He had some trouble about that time, and I thought he had disappeared in consequence."

"Have you heard of him since?"

"Never."

"Then," said Rupert, hanging his head, "it was indeed he."

"I can't believe it," said Cecil, going up to him and taking his hand. "I was deceived; why may not you have been deceived also? Did she tell you?"

"Never mind who told me. I must go back into Morty Mordak again, or answer to—what has thou done with thy brother?"

"Come out as yourself, Rupert. I will stand by you. Let the world say what it will, you know you are no murderer."

"They will say that my flight, my silence, and my long disguise prove my guilt. They will say that accused, bottomless pool holds the body. No, Rupert, I am of the past, Morty Mordak present and to be. Even if some should kindly believe my story, I could not endure the doubt of the many. And I would not wish to exculpate myself at the price of—of—"

The opening door interrupted him, and Aunt Julia came in, all excitement. "What, Cecil! Morty, Bromer is raving, and has jumped out of her window, nobody knows where, and has gone nobody knows where. Somebody must take the men and go in search of her."

"I will go down to the Pool," said Cecil, "while you get the men, Rupert."

Aunt Julia opened her eyes at the word "Rupert," then went up to Eleanor, while the two young men rushed out of the room.

"Didn't I tell you he would come? But how you tremble, child! and your cheeks are as red as fire! I'm afraid I startled you by coming in so abruptly. Hark! there she is!"

The two women went to the window. There, indeed, was Mrs. Bromer, in the black velvet robe that had excited Eleanor's astonishment, and she was rubbing her hands like Lady Macbeth, and saying, in a wild scream, "The stain is gone! the stain is gone!"

"What has she done?" said Aunt Julia, flying out of the room.

Several frightened women met her. "Annie is gone. They think, m'm, the Pool, m'm."

"She has drowned her! Where are all the men? Haven't you a head among you?"

Indeed, m'm, his lordship have gone, and Mr. Mordak—and—

Aunt Julia did not stop to hear any more, but ran out upon the terrace, from which she could look down towards the Dark Pool. She saw figures moving about in the leafless shrubbery, and presently saw one figure carrying another figure in its arms. Then there was a shout, and Morty came tearing up the slope. "She tried to drown her, but he's got her out. She's safe. Hurrah!" He put his hand to his head, as if to smother off his hat, but no hat being there, something else was grasped and flung into the air.

Aunt Julia gave a gasp and flew at him. She seized him, she held him tight and said, over and over again, "Rupert! Rupert! Rupert!"

"Of course it is—but don't say anything. I didn't think what I was about."

"Didn't think! Ah! ah! ah!"

The figure bearing the other poor, limp figure had approached. "She is alive," said a voice under the big, flapping hat. "But 'twas a narrow chance. Where shall I carry her?"

"Up this way. Poor thing!" But as she raised one of the limp, hanging hands, Annie was dropped at her feet, and the man was standing staring at Rupert.

Rupert ground. "Here is somebody who knows me!" he muttered.

"I should think I ought to, when I'm your own cousin."

"Not Ferd?" said Aunt Julia, whose eager ears caught the familiar voice.

"Nobody else." And the big, flapping hat went up three feet into the air, the wearer following it.

"Then I didn't drown you?" said Rupert.

"It was I who drowned you. Oh! isn't it jolly?"

"I—I can't believe it," said Rupert.

"You look like him, but you may be an impostor."

"You think so? Here, Cecil, who am I?"

"Ferd," said Cecil, who had just come up.

"In the name of everything surprising—"

"You are just in time to prove my identity, my fine fellow. Now, Aunt Julia, kiss me forty times—loud and long."

"I won't kiss any one until Annie is carried into the house, and then I intend to faint away, for I never was so astonished in my life," said Aunt Julia.

### XXXIX.

FERD'S STORY—AND CONSEQUENCE.

Aunt Julia did not faint away. She saw Annie attended to first, and then she went into the room where the three cousins were.

"Well-upon! Ferd's neck and kissed and 'beloved' him, afterward putting Rupert through a similar course of treatment."

"Now, tell us all about it," she said, seating herself.

"It is rather a long story," said Ferd, "for I must begin with the night of the masquerade. Rupert and I were dressed alike, you remember. 'Oh!' interpolated Cecil. That was to mislead people. I was skating away as jolly as possible, when I heard a feminine scream. I ran to the spot, being always gallant, you know? There I found a man and a woman; the woman was sobbing, and trying to get away from the man. I grappled with him—we struggled. He told me to let him go. I swore I would hold him until a light should be brought to show the world his rascally face. I am sorry to say that the family-falling got the upstart of me; I grew furious, and was determined not to be baffled. As we were picking in like everything, somebody came along with a lantern, and by its light I saw that I had been fighting Rupert. The next instant there was a crash, the water flew into my face. I sprang backward, releasing Rupert, and when I could see again, every body on the Pool seemed to be bearing down upon us. I was afraid of a scoundrel of some kind, for the woman had fainted, and not wishing my name mixed up in it, I took to my heels. But I never thought of Rupert

having met with any accident until I met—a mask, who told me that Rupert was drowned, and they were searching for me as his murderer. Rupert drowned! My dear old boy, I was mad with grief. I wanted to go and deliver myself up immediately, but she—the mask—said I must fly immediately, for—for the honor of the family, and—and I went. But, as time passed, you can't think how hungry I grew for a sight of—of some of you, and of the dear old place. I came back, heard that Cecil was married and settled here, and lingered around to get a glimpse of somebody, although it was torture to be near the Dark Pool. Still I came back, again and again to wander around it, until the lucky accident which was to fling me into the bosom of my family. And here goes," concluded Ferd, jumping up and giving Aunt Julia a hearty squeeze, with all the old, boyish effusion.

"Ferd, it wasn't me with whom you struggled on the ice," said Rupert.

"Not you?"

"I wasn't there. I went off in a pursuit of a gypsy the first part of the evening."

"It was I," said Cecil. "I found out what Rupert intended to wear, and had a similar costume prepared for myself. I—I wished Miss Gray to take me for Rupert."

Ferd whistled. "Well, how did you get out?" he asked.

"I didn't get in. When you had let me go, I felt the ice sinking under me, and jumped to one side, as you did, alighting on the solid ice. Then I ran, for the same reason that you ran."

"And you thought me drowned?"

"I thought you were Rupert, and, oddly enough, Rupert."

Rupert looked up quickly, and Cecil paused, then walked away to a distant window, put his hands in his pockets and whistled softly.

Rupert looked very pale when he turned to Ferd, and said in a low voice, "Ferd, was it Ruth who advised you to run away?"

"Yes, it was Ruth. She asked me to go for her sake, and I went. Now, where is she, Rupert? Cecil didn't get her. I have seen his pale, pretty wife, so unlike my sparkling Ruth. I had a letter from her just before I came here, but it had a strange post-mark."

Rupert's forehead contracted. "She lives in this neighborhood," he said.

"In this neighborhood, and I haven't seen her! It is near?"

"Very near," Rupert replied, looking gloomily into Ferd's eager, glowing face. "I suppose she has told you that she is married?"

"Married! I don't believe it." Ferd's face was gray now, and he had seized Rupert's arm in the energy of his unbelief, and was squeezing it painfully.

"It is true, for I am her husband. Do you envy me? God knows no one need do that!"

He had released Rupert's arm and withdrawn a step. He now took a letter from his pocket, tore off the envelope, opened it, and held it under Rupert's eyes, which glanced over the quivering opening, the half-tender, half-jesting paragraphs and the signature, "Your own Ruthy."

Rupert said—"She has been my wife for three months," and dropped the letter. As it fell on the floor, Ferd sat his heel upon it and ground it through, then turned and left the room. Rupert stooped, picked it up and laid it on the grate, then went to the window and stood there with folded arms, looking out upon the falling snow.

"Not all that could whiten her," he thought, looking up at the spreading veil of downy flakes. And Cecil, hearing him sigh, and seeing that his eyes were wet, took up his hat, and went softly out at one door, as Aunt Julia did out at the other.

Rupert was still standing at the window, his looks as intent as if he had been counting the falling flakes, when a soft hand slid into his. He looked around, with a start, into the blue eyes of Eleanor, which were raised to his.

"Aunt Julia sent me," she said, apologetically. "She thought you unhappy, and that I might, perhaps, comfort you."

Rupert's fingers closed on the small, nerveless hand.

"You do comfort me," he said. "And I need comfort—for my sorrow is great, Eleanor."

"My sorrow is even greater than yours. It is for you to forgive; it is for me to be forgiven."

"Dear Eleanor, hasn't he—"

"He hasn't even spoken to me since his return; and I so longed, so prayed just to see him again, thinking I should ask for nothing more. But this does not content me."

"I am sure it has been inadvertence on his part. My throwing off my megaphone, Ferd's sudden appearance—"

"If he had loved me, he would have seen no one but me, at first. No, Rupert, you are all the one left to me. You will love me a little, won't you?"

"I will love you a great deal," responded Rupert, warmly, taking the poor, drooping child in his arms. "Do you remember, Percy, how we sat by the sea, my head on your lap?"

"Oh! don't! How happy I was then! And how I did love you, Rupert! I was regularly 'in love' with you."

"And I thought you the most charming little sea maid."

"And the poem you recited to me, Rupert! Juan Ingelosa's. I have read it all, since then. And now, the last part applies to me. Do you remember?"

"She reigns upon her dusky throne, Amid shades of heroes, dead to see; Among the dead she breathes alone, Persephone, Persephone. Or, seated on the Elysian hill, She dreams of earthly daylight still, And murmurs of the daffodil."

Rupert, your hair is subdued daffodil-color."

"Listen to this, Persephone," said Rupert, and he went on in a lone tone—

"When in her destined course, the moon Meets the deep shadow of this world, And laboring on diths seem to swoon Through awful waves of dimness whirled— Emerged at length, no trace bath she Of that dark hour of destiny, Still silvery sweet—Persephone."

The greater world may near the less, And draw it through her weltering shade, But not one bidding trace impress Of all the darkness that she made; The greater soul that draws thee, Ruth left his shadow plain to see On thy fair face, Persephone!"

Demeter sighs, but sure 'tis well The wife should love her destiny;

Why part—and yet, as legends tell, She mourns her lost Persephone; While chant the maids of Eos, still— "On fateful flower beside the rill— The daffodil, the daffodil!"

And Cecil walking by the window saw this pretty tableau.

"I must leave you now, Eleanor. I must go—home," said Rupert.

And Eleanor, looking up at him, saw him grow even more pallid as she gazed; while his lips set themselves in a severe and immobile line.

"Rupert, be merciful to her," she half-whispered. "I know, now, how a wife feels her husband's alienation."

"I shall be just," said Rupert, coldly, withdrawing himself from the hand that Eleanor's earnestness had laid upon his arm.

"Don't confound me with Ruth, then," said Eleanor, with a flash of her old spirit. "You are honest to me."

"But you withdrew from me, when I spoke of Ruth."

"Forgive me. I shrink because you touched my wound."

"Dear Rupert! Oh! I hope it will all be right!"

"I hope so."

"Bring Ruth to me one day."

Rupert smiled as he turned away. Eleanor could not fathom that smile.

Ruth stood at the door, momentarily expecting Rupert. He did not know that she knew that all her duplicity had been laid bare to him, so she adopted an attitude of defiance; but she had put on a black velvet nosegay, edged with ermine, over her dark dress, and over this her bright hair rolled its clusters; and above it, her white, round throat arched itself; her cheeks bloomed, and her eyes shone.

She had made herself look as lovely as she could, and that was the armor she had chosen. She saw him coming up the walk, and stood, with lightly-drooping hands, and upraised eyes, watching the falling snow, some flakes of which had drifted over her velvet-covered shoulders, and bright, uncovered head. Her cheeks deepened their scarlet, her eyes flamed with excitement, and she grew more beautiful every instant.

Rupert having laid aside his disguise for the first time in public, she must make some mention of that, not being supposed to have been prepared for it; so she widened her eyes when she allowed herself to see him, gently clasped her white hands, and said—

"Then you have told them? I am so glad!"

"Ferd has come back, so disguise is no longer necessary."

She was not prepared for this. Then, everything was known? All her moral deformity had been shown at once! Rupert's look and tone convinced her of this; and, after one death-like sensation of utter despair, she braced herself, both physically and mentally.

"Ferd wished to know where you were. Your last letter had a strange post-mark."

"Did you tell him?"

"Yes. And I told him that you are married; a fact with which you had not seen fit to acquaint him."

"How did he receive it?" The question sprang from her lips, almost in spite of herself. And when she saw Rupert's look of disgust, she wished she had said nothing. But then she was desperate.

"The knowledge that came to him at the same time, dulled the sting."

"A species of mental Railway—Ready—Relief?"

"Yes. He is not your husband."

"He might have been."

"If it were not for his sake, I could wish it were so."

"I am glad you are willing to sacrifice yourself for others."

"I am not a willing sacrifice, Ruth."

"I cannot help myself, or you."

"Oh! Ruth, your web was cunningly woven!"

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave, When first we practise to deceive!"

quoted Ruth.

"That is the poetry; here is the prose," said Rupert. "You loved Cecil—honestly, I believe. Yes, for once in your life, you were honest. He did not love you. You were quite in despair, when this lucky accident occurred. You knew that the three of us wore the Pirate's dress. You entered me from the Pool in pursuit of a flying Gypsy; you slipped back to watch Cecil, came up in time to witness the encounter, recognized the combatants, saw the result, and then hurried after me; when you knew that my head was full of champagne, and that it had precipitated me into some scuffle among the masqueraders. I was to be gotten rid of—that Cecil might fancy himself unwittingly my murderer—and so he placed in your power. You told me that Ferd was my victim—that I was, unconsciously, a murderer—and urged my flight. I was out of the way, now Ferd must be disposed of. You found Ferd, told him that I had been drowned in the scuffle, and that he was being sought for as a murderer; for your sake, he must fly. We were both of us willing to do anything for your sake; so we exiled ourselves, for your convenience; and, for eight of the best years of our lives, were expropriated for the love of one worthless woman, a Brinvilliers—one who deals in poison for the minds and happiness of others. Well, Cecil was in your power, but you could not make him marry you. Who would wish to marry you that had had even a glimpse of your real self?—and when he escaped you and married, you determined not to be held to have been 'disappointed' in any one's opinion, resolved to send for one of your two slaves, and let him play the role of your master. To my blood complexion I suppose I owe the misfortune of having been your choice and my own loathing."

I think that Ruth's sensations, while listening to this recital of her hidden plans, must have resembled in a degree those of a lost soul at the Last Judgment. She had stood apparently unmoved while he was speaking. She had not paled, neither had the lustre faded from her eyes, and now she spoke in her habitually sweet, low tones—

"I have done all this. It is as you have said, word for word; but it would never have been revealed had I not learned to love you so as to be almost mad with jealousy."

"You love me?—to be sure Cecil is not a widower. If he were, by heaven, I should not consider my life safe." He turned away.

"Rupert! The cry was one of real agony. He heard a rush behind him, felt his coat crumpled, and Ruth was on her knees, then trailed along the ground at his feet, clasping his feet, kissing them in an anguish of self-abasement, her hair and all her garments sweeping the snow from the stone of the walk."

"Get up. This is no stage, and I am an old auditor on whom all 'dramatic situations' are wasted. You should 'hold the mirror up to nature' if you would move me."

"No reply, but sob and a gush of tears."

"Maudlin, you are detaining me, and taking cold yourself. Your beautiful eyes will be red, your sweet voice husky. You cannot be as effective as usual."

She dragged herself up from the ground, and reached his hands, to which she clung, looking silently up into his face through a rain of tears.

"This is absurd! I am not wishing to paint a Magdalen."

"Rupert, I am your wife!"

"So much the worse for you. If you were free you could deceive some one else."

"I love you! I love you!"

"Did you ever tell the truth in your life?"

"Rupert, I am proud, very, very proud. If I did not love you I could not endure this humiliation, this contumely."

"I know that you have no money of your own. It would be inconvenient to be deprived of the purse that supplies you? The purse is still yours, even if you release the hand that gives it."

"Rupert, I forgive even that."

"You are very condescending. A wife, whose husband lives apart from her, loses in consequence? Well, the world shall not be aware of our separation. No one knows that is the case with Cecil and Eleanor. We can keep them in the same ignorance."

"And it is very convenient to have a wife who is but so in name, and must not cavil at her husband's actions," said Ruth, releasing Rupert and rising to her feet suddenly. "The world, ignorant of his alienation from his own wife, will not suspect his friendship for the wife of his neighbor."

"Hush! not a word against Eleanor. Her pure name is not to be spoken by such lying lips, or she will be obliged to change it."

"She might take yours. If Cecil were to die there would be no obstacle, for I feel—that—"

She tottered, the color went out of her cheeks, her eyes closed, and she would have fallen to the ground had not Rupert caught her. He carried her into the house, laid her on a couch, rang the bell for her maid, and left the room and the house.

XL.

FERD MAKES A CALL.

"I think it's a dreadful state of affairs," said Aunt Julia. "Here's Cecil—goes off, nobody knows where, stays, nobody knows how long, comes home, nobody knows when, stays over night, then off the next morning, and nobody knows when he'll come back again."

"He had to see grandmamma's solicitor to make arrangements for the division of the property."

"I know that. But why doesn't he come home, now that he has seen the solicitor, instead of visiting at Lord Thw's and Lady Thw's? It's almost Christmas, and every married man should spend his Christmas at home. Married men seem to have queer ideas of their responsibilities in our days. What is Rupert spending all his time here for?"

"He is painting Eleanor's picture."

"I never knew a picture so long in the painting. And there Ruth is looking as pale as a ghost. I went to see her yesterday, and she had tears in her eyes all the time I was there. Where's Rupert? I asked. Rupert is busy, she said. Pretty business!—painting a scamp while his wife is going around with a face like chalk! He'd better color her cheeks a little."

"Does Ruth seem to suffer so much?"

"Suffer! Of course she does. One doesn't like to see one's husband spending all his time with another woman. At least they didn't in my day. Why don't you go to see her, Ferd? It might cheer her up a little."

"I go—to see—Ruth?"

"And why not? You are cousins. If I were you I'd play the same game as Rupert. It would do her good."

Ferd colored, and hung his head. He had not seen Ruth since he had parted with her that night of the masquerade. The memory of all she had made him suffer yet rankled, the dissipation of all his youthful illusions; the falseness of his first love had made his heart very sore. He had thought he would as soon have sought a tigress which had mangled him as the beautiful, false woman who had sacrificed him to her selfish plans. But Ruth, suffering, was a different being from Ruth, triumphant. As she had wounded his heart, her heart was wounded. As she had embittered his future, another had embittered her future. Poor Ruth! It is our duty to forgive every one. He would forgive her, and, to prove his forgiveness, would visit her in her affliction. He blushed again as he went to his chamber to brush his hair and retie his cravat. Time had improved him; he was conscious of that. The boyish figure had grown broad in the shoulders, and full in the chest. The dark, sparkling eyes, and thick, curling hair were the same, but the mouth and chin had gained decision, the expression of the whole face was become manly, without losing any of its openness.

Ferd arranged his hair and his cravat to his satisfaction—wished he had cultivated a moustache as he took a parting look at himself, and then rang a bell, and a maid, whistling a lively air. "How finely it makes a fellow feel to be about to do a kind action!" But if Ruth had been a plain young woman, and an object of former dislike? Is any one ever totally disinterested?

The crisp snow lay sparkling before him, powdering the evergreens, mantling the melancholy larches, clinging in fantastic shapes to the clumps of shrubbery, heaping itself upon the long line of the hedges. The sky was of the bluest, the air of the fresh—

—and the sun shone as it shines when one is only ten years old. The latticed gate, bare of its clinging vines, opened easily—and before him stretched the most walk, bordered by shining holly, along which ran, in a straight line, impressed on the new-fallen snow, the mark of Rupert's feet, turned towards Thornborough. He should find Ruth alone there—as usual, according to Aunt Julia. This would make their meeting less awkward, he thought, and, so thinking, went up the walk. Ruth's lithe, slender figure, with the small head, crowned with its dark, glossy braids, from which strayed an occasional curl, with yellow gleams in its shining blackness, half-turned over one shoulder, the flashing eyes coquetishly regarding him, seeming to precede him; he could see the very way of her shape, and the turn of the graceful waist and long, supple fingers, which gathered her drapery around her in those folds so dear to an artist's eye, and so impossible to any other woman. Through the stripped shrubbery of an alley that ran at a right angle with the path he had taken he caught a gleam of scarlet. His heart

leaped with the old bond, always occasioned by the sight of Ruth—and a woman, wrapped in a scarlet shawl, turned from the alley down the path. Not Ruth—a large, fair woman with red-brown hair rolling in curls over her shoulders, with full, crimson lips, and a dead-white complexion, with dark circles around her languid eyes, and dimples on the plump white hands which gathered her drapery around her in large folds. A woman, who moved with a stately carriage and commanding air, and had a large, white throat, as round and full as that of one of Rubens' abounding in flesh Madonnas. As he approached her he removed his hat and bowed half-shyly, for he had not thought of the possibility of a visitor in the house. The lady, at a moment, her eyes widened, her white cheeks reddened, and she exclaimed in a tone in which trouble contended with surprise and doubt, "Ferd!"

The lady knew him then? Ferd bowed again, and stole another glance while bowing. She was like Miss Gray in size, and the peculiar color of her hair—but then Miss Gray was dead, and when alive she had a baby-face. The lady spoke again—"You do not know me?" And then he recognized her voice.

"It is not Ruth?"

"Yes, it is Ruth, as surely as you are Ferd. My dear old Ferd!"

She held out both her hands to him, and he felt how eager their grasp was, and saw her lips quivering, her eyes brimming.

"You are Ruth? I never should have known you."

"Do you like the change?"

"You are a beautiful woman, but you are not my Ruth."

"I am the same Ruth to no one no longer," she said, hanging her head, and as he walked by her side he saw her wipe away the tears furiously, and saw her bosom heave as if the air oppressed her. "This way," she said, opening a door and ushering him into a drawing-room







**KRAFFEL.**—Take one pound of flour to three ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt and sugar, and four or five eggs, and mix well together. Make the mixture into balls as large as an apple, fill the middle with preserve, and let them rise in a warm place. Then boil them in lard, and serve with a sprinkling of powdered sugar and cinnamon.